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The 1915 Mode

As Shown by Paris

PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION



PARIS EDITION

Text in English

CONDE NAST, American Publisher · 443 Fourth Av., New-York





1915
THE HURRICANE

The 1915 Mode.

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Pl. 1

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The 1915 Mode

as shown by

PARIS



THE 1915 MODE

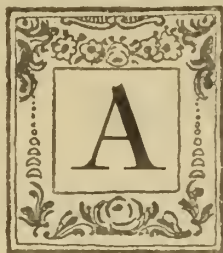
as shown by Paris

PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION



A De Luxe
Portfolio of
PARIS
STYLES

American Editor.
Conde Nast 443 Fourth Av. New-York



ALTHOUGH a part of French soil is yet in the hands of the invader, Paris remains as ever the Paris of good taste and fashion.

Therefore, in spite of the glorious trials of war, and in order that Paris may retain her accustomed rank in every Exhibition, the following great and justly renowned Dressmakers have sent to San-Francisco their latest and most stylisle creations :

Beer * Callot * Cheruit * Dœuillet
Doucet * Jenny * Jeanne Lanvin
Martial & Armand * Paquin * Premet
Worth





LA COUTUME DE PARIS

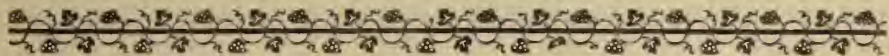



N spite of the events of the war, the spring Fashions of 1915 have come out in France this year, just as usual.

From 1792 to 1815, during the succession of those mighty struggles brought about by the Encyclopedists, by the example of Franklin, Washington, and Lafayette, by the spirit of the Revolution and the advance of its armies, Paris undaunted, kept up its refinements and its Fashions. The numerous amusing engravings that have come down to us from that time, have continually inspired our Dressmakers, even as recently as yesterday, a century after Valmy, Wagram, Waterloo.

Indeed Fashion is the art of bringing before the mind's eye, on the body of a graceful woman all the wealth of our planet—the precious stones of its mines, the wool of its flocks, the skins of its wild beasts, its silks, flax and cotton, the plumage of its birds and pearls from its seas.

A handsome and beautifully dressed woman is therefore an





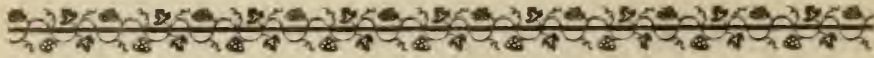
epitome of the earth. It is the marriage of the Universe with Venus. They shine together, and according to a happy suggestion Paris and good taste pronounce their decree with one accord. Exactly as they did in the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, when the "Great Dressmakers" went to Moscow after the return of Peter the Great, to astonish the wives of the Russian nobles, and lead them into that "way of thought" which made Catherine II the friend of Diderot, of Falconnet, of Miranda—of universal thought, of the fine arts, and so on to the general movement which inspired the Encyclopedia. With their dainty tulle bonnets, our Pamelas took firm hold of the heads and minds of the nation. Our *mîdinettes* cannot fail to follow the tradition left by their grandmothers.


It was a great mistake to imagine on the eve of the present war, that social life would come to a standstill at the first sound of the drum calling together the great nations of Europe for the tragic test of the XXth century.

This error prevailed in Paris for a short time—Bankers took it into their heads to suspend payments—far too long a time was allowed to elapse before the robust youths whom honour and patriotism called to battle were replaced by middle aged men, the reformed, and women. People soon found out their mistake! Banks have begun work again—workshops, factories, and mills have been rapidly provided with capable hands in order to supply the armies with ammunition—food and clothes. Three thirds of the various industries have opened their doors anew.

And now with the advent of spring we are greeted with the rebirth of social life.

A splendid outburst of heroism has been given us by the soldiers





fighting under the various standards of the Allies. It is only becoming that the "non-combattants" of the interior should give some proof of energy in their turn. They have done so! Every where people have set to work once more.

Good taste is on her throne of judgment.


Of all that civilisation can create and cunningly invent, what better testimony may be had than that of Fashion. It no longer aims, as in the age of antiquity, at setting human beauty in the foreground. It tries rather to draw our attention to the sort of spirit which, so to speak, frames that beauty as selected by great "connaisseurs" in the art of dress.


Fashion may be ingenious, cunning, ironical. It confers shapeliness or the reverse. It increases, diminishes, distorts, masks our being. It connects us with the surrounding atmosphere, it segregates us from the Universe. Fashion is synthetic, it individualizes too. Sometimes it extols healthy vigour, sometimes fragile delicacy. It may incite us to joy or to revery, obtrude things to our view, hide them in the background, or make a show of them.

Fashion is the keynote of the mood, chosen by themselves and for the season by the "élite". Could this "élite" fail to provide us with the looked for sign at the present moment? No, indeed. "La Mode Féminine" as invented in Paris has just come back to life again, as in each succeeding spring.

Our "Elégantes" have sallied forth once more, attired in those graceful Turkish mantles called "Cafetans" made of soft velvet, or dark cloth, falling in long, straight, simple folds.

In the way of millinery, be it toque or bonnet, stylish headwear is drawn low over the head, the better to resist country winds. Taking it all round the latest. Fashion is an altogether practical and plucky





one—comfortable for walking on account of the ample folds of stuff on the hips and accross the bosom.

This smart costume, of every tint imaginable, and of every variety of material, is the new Fashion for 1915. Paris has innovated a warlike elegance, jovial, sportive, and easy, leaving every gesture free, either to raise the unhappy wounded, or if need be, to handle a weapon.

And this New Fashion is luckily as aesthetical as it is ingenious. The stiff feathers in certain helmet shaped hats give them something of the appearance of a Gallic headpiece. The woman of the day aspires to a warlike appearance, and though having suppressed whatever might have seemed ludicrous, she suggests all the dash of prompt and healthy force.

It really is a fitting moment for Paris to express herself according to her custom. For Paris is the permanent rendez vous of aristocracy—an aristocracy formed of the diplomates of all the great Empires, historical families, renowned and glorious intellects, celebrated beauties, illustrious artists, eloquent ministers—born in every part of the world, and, notwithstanding their respective birthplaces, happy to live together merely for the pleasure of exchanging their hopes and comparing their tastes. Paris has proclaimed this year as of old, by her witty and timely elegance, the prestige of the “élite” who have adopted it. Paris owed the world this proof of her incorruptible vitality, as immutable when at war as during times of peace.

Since the Latin races are fighting to uphold their taste against Teutonic barbarity, was it not to be expected, and right, that Paris Fashion should take the lead this spring, as in the past?

Paul ADAM.





Photo Félix.

JANE DANJOU
Dress from Martial et Armand



Photo Ben Ton.

FASHION PAPER

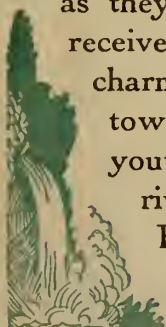
Dress from Beer



VICHY



VICHY is seated in the heart of France to welcome all nations. It offers to its guests from every part of the world the engaging smile of its exceptionally lovely landscapes. Here the undulating plain bordered by those prepossessing little hills so fitly named "Les Monts de la Madeleine". A little further on rises the group of mountains which so proudly forms the "Massif Central"; these are as high as they can be, although they incline gracefully to receive you. A soft, gentle landscape, which charms and holds both eye and heart. The town, prosperous and gay, still brilliant with youth, spreads out along the banks of a broad river, that would like to linger indolently.



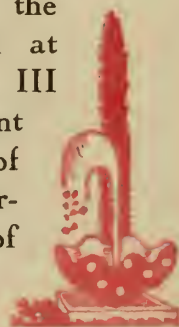
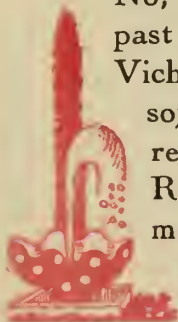
Radiant sunshine illuminates this harmonious nature. You no sooner hear the word Vichy than your thoughts



fly back at once to the easy, light, frivolous epoch of the second Empire, that epoch of universal opulence and ostentation innocently displayed everywhere; to the time when pleasure was thought unbridled because people never grew tired of it. Napoleon III, Empress Eugenie, the Court Ladies, who by some marvellously happy turn of circumstances, were all lovely; the frisky cavaliers, who were notwithstanding valiant officers none of these took any thought for the morrow, so pleasant for all was the life of the day.

This epoch was preparing great social upheavals for Europe, while in France the tailor dethroned the dressmaker, the sunshades were quite small, women's hats tiny—and as a just compensation, skirts were enormous. The epoch when even the crinoline was beautiful, when women were bewitching in spite of the crinoline; that was the great epoch of Vichy, its day of incomparable splendour!

No, indeed! And I tell you that all the past of French sociability is found at Vichy. We know that Napoleon III sojourned there often and gave brilliant receptions; for the Royal Castle of Radan is quite near Vichy. It formerly belonged to the aunts of Louis XIV Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire. Those Ladies



came to Vichy and did not come alone. *They* were morose, but those near them were far from being so. People were already, in that society of easy-going Lords and frolicsome adventures, very merry at Vichy, from all time renowned for its cures. Vichy was all the vogue under Henri IV. Madame de Sévigné was never wittier elsewhere. Society distinguished itself there and was somewhat vain of the distinction. At Vichy all the world discoursed gallantly of love, of every thing concerning it, which signifies, of every subject imaginable. It was at Vichy that the aristocratic and fashionable clubs were formed, and all Europe rushed there. Napoleon Ist took the same interest in Vichy as in the rest of the world. Thus the work of former times has been continued and we are about to crown it...

French customs of the past,—more and more improved, more disposed than ever to cherish life and its pastimes, hiding even melancholy itself under a cloak of joy—bloom out in the contemporary prosperity of Vichy. Visitors from every clime became friends under its shady trees, in the sites admirably adapted to the various sports so similar in their elegance. Vichy was the summer capital of the "*élite*" from every corner of the globe. Vichy possessed every imagi-

nable prestige. It lacked however the prestige of sacrifice! It now has it! Vichy is this year the great centre where the wounded of the war recover their health. It is a complete transformation, brought about by that peculiar French method which has the superiority of not being indiscreet! Not bodies only but Souls too are being transformed. Women have forsaken the triumphs of the fashionable world to become the most devoted heroines. They nurse, comfort and strengthen with their consoling words. To morrow will give birth to a new metamorphosis, a new prodigy. Feeling has given fresh youth to grace—and the radiance of goodness is prolonged anew. In the quietude of peace reconquered by victory woman has resumed her right to be above all things "*Charming*".

The latest Paris Fashions are lending her a contribution of incomparable art. In the beautiful gardens of Vichy the world is appreciating to the full the friendly sweetness of France.

J. ERNEST-CHARLES.







VIC

Now then, be ve

1. Paquin.

2. Doucel.

3. Beer.

4. Chéruit.

5. Martual et Arma



Y (I)

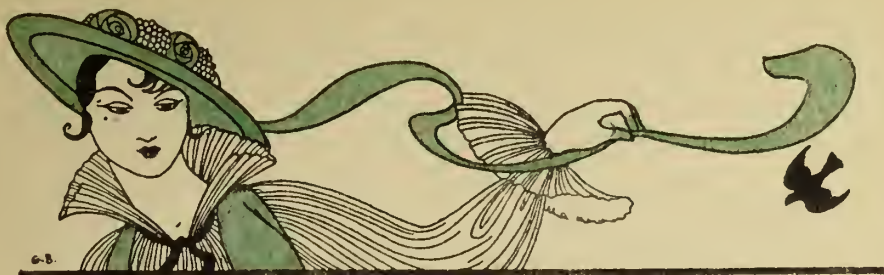
good, all of you

6 et 7. Chérut.

8. Premet.

9 et 10. Callot.





ATOURS SIMPLES



It would be a great mistake to suppose that this terrible time of war has paralysed the creations of French fashion. If, as is quite natural, Paris has been obliged to give up the elegancies of life, for an existence of retirement and devotion, foreigners at least, have continued as usual, to ask France advice and guidance in taste and fashion for all that concerns toilette. In America, in England, in Spain and in Italy, we have never ceased to make our voice heard, and, as was easy to foresee, the Exhibition of San Francisco has been the occasion of a fresh impetus and a splendid realization which certainly have great success.

The formula of fashion has undergone renovation; it would seem that a desire to appear



Boot by Greco

womanly and above all, womanly, has seized upon ladies who for much too long a time, consented to figure either as Semiramis, a Greek youth or a Cesar, just as it happened; but "*où sont les neiges d'antan?*" It would be difficult to meet amid the trouble and grief of our surroundings, anything save decency, reserve and perfect taste in our dress. The mind of our country, instinctive, yet sentimental and collected, will be represented even by the most frivolous little person—whose every action in life is ruled by the march of events; and who, though she did for some time appear to us as "*woman before the catastrophe*" will now reenter into the real spirit of her life of intelligence and devotion.



Shoe by Ducerf



*Dress from
Martial et Armand*

A lady exhausted by a winter passed in daily cares at the hospital, will show her state of mind in her simple, short muslin dress. In the smallest detail of her dress we shall discover the "*woman after the war*" and in our society, both from an ethical and esthetical point of view, this will mark a return to a pure and essentially French taste. From time immemorial this elegance made, so to speak, of nothing, has belonged to our race, not consisting in the cut of a dress more or less complicated and trimmed, but in a certain dignified or pliant



Shoe by Ducery

grace, which resides more in the soul of the Frenchwoman than in her body, and not in the beauty and perfection of form so clearly noticed in other races.

The lady and the dressmaker, in perfect understanding have contrived to identify the garment with the wearer, and it will charm our hours of lazy reverie this summer, to watch the pretty women of France when they pass by in dresses of plain silk, scarcely gathered over the hips and waving lightly away from the ankles. We shall feel how ready they are to run here and there, bringing words of consolation; their figures uncompressed, allowing them easily to bend over suffering men and offer help and comfort. We shall feel also that they have made themselves look as pretty as they could, so as to bring with them a ray of light and cheerfulness, and leave a trail of beauty wherever they pass.

The covert coat and gabardine with a short skirt, with a fancycoat or redingote flying lightly at every step of the wearer, such is to be the morning costume of very elegant women. The waist will be long and without any curve, for the oriental fashions that have prevailed latterly, have left us a taste



Dress by

Callot

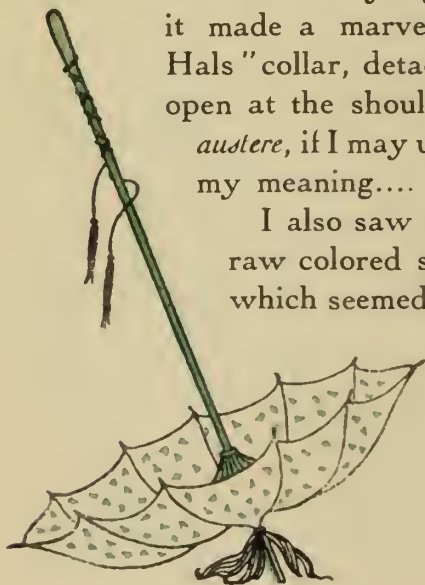
for loose wraps which allow great freedom to every movement of the body.

We are offered very high collars, mostly rising only at the back; others entirely surrounding the neck like an instrument of torture; this was to be expected after the exaggeratedly low necks of last year, but I cannot believe in a return to the dog's collar; ladies are too anxious to preserve so pretty and becoming a manner of leaving the throat free. Therefore I fancy we shall not see very high collars for some time, except those rising over the nape of the neck; fortunately!



Hat from Camille Roger

In the shape of simple morning frocks I noticed one in silvery light blue taffetas, quite plain; it made a marvellous effect with its "Franz Hals" collar, detached from the dress which was open at the shoulders, thus making it seem more *austere*, if I may use an expression which explains my meaning....



I also saw a "flax" tussor embroidered in raw colored silk, with pleats on either side which seemed a "*nec plus ultra*" of elegance.

Then again a vaporous cloud of white muslin all embroidered with threads of silver and white silk having a "*col Prudhomme*", to remind us that good sense is after all the trade mark of French genius.



Photo Bon Ton.

AT THE DRESSMAKER'S
Dress from Lanvin



Photo Raulinger.

Mademoiselle FORZANE
Dress from Doucet



IT IS STILL RAINING

Tailor-Mades from Paquin, Lanvin, Dœuillet, Mantle from Paquin

Another white muslin with braidings so placed in rows as to form another and stronger tissue, was kept in at the waist by a wide "pekiné" ribbon. In each of these dresses we find a fresh charm. One frock in *tilleul* (linden flower) colored french crape irregularly cut at the bottom and modestly veiled by two draperies crossing over the chest, resembles some immense parachute in smooth opaque paper.



Metal flowers I see almost everywhere; boleros in dark taffetas that scarcely cover the bust, and soft hats generally consisting of corded silk and crape, everything is modest and elegant and shows an utter absence of any attempt at effect; which is fatal to all conception of fashion.

There is still a certain *recherche*, an attention, paid to details such as blouses and trimmings, but this we insist on, they are the mark of refinement and true elegance, in the same way as under-garments now more visible than ever beneath short frocks. They are to be of silk muslin of one shade matching the footwear and stockings, and as numerous as the dresses, that we may be able to harmonize to time and circumstances.

As many ladies are minus their carriages since the war, the *costume*



Dress

by Paquin

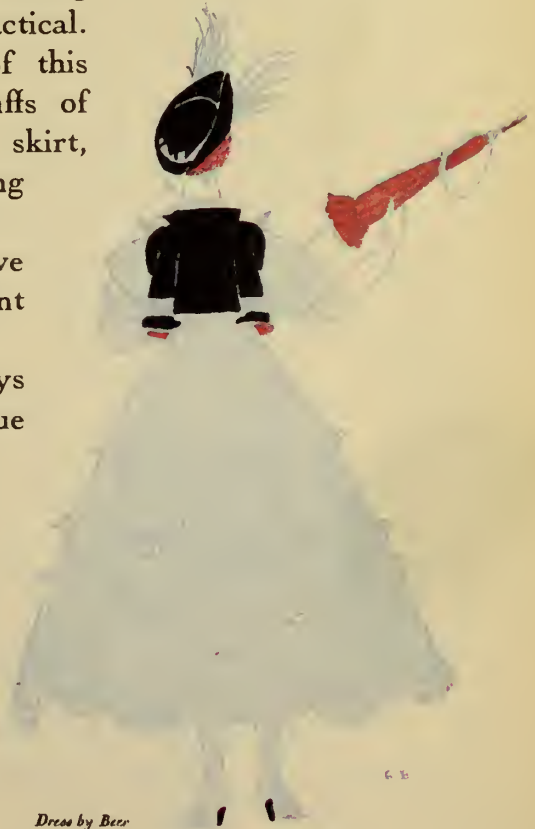


trotteur is, of course, more in demand than ever. Numerous indeed are the fanciful inventions more or less imitated from divers uniforms or aiming at practical simplicity : those of cowboys, runners, etc. We have but to pick and choose among the number.

I saw some jackets copied from the *dolmans* worn by French officers in the field ; the same in cut and in color, being in that pretty blue which is so practical. One only requires a jacket of this description with collar and cuffs of antique muslin, and a kilted skirt, to have a very sweet morning costume.

As for khaki costumes we have had enough of them ; we want something new now.

Until the very sunny days of July our hats will continue to be extremely small, their chief ornament being flowers ; flowers, though, of a peculiar kind ; many of them, will be in porcelain, others in beads. We shall see no more aigrettes or impertinent plumes proclaiming like so many bank notes, the price of the headgear ; wings will appear, but seemingly



Dress by Berr

eaten away, singed maimed
in fact as if they, too, had
been to the wars!

Chip straw, varnished and of
every shade, will soon be scattered
about the town in the shape of very
simple caps, or bonnets square at the
top and bordered by a band of round
beads to match the straw. These
shapes will be of a rather startling
variety. The three cornered hat is all

the rage, but once dealt with, by
the caprice of the wearer, it is no longer three cornered,
it is anything you like, a cornucopia or a whistle with
its corners sticking out at most unexpected angles.

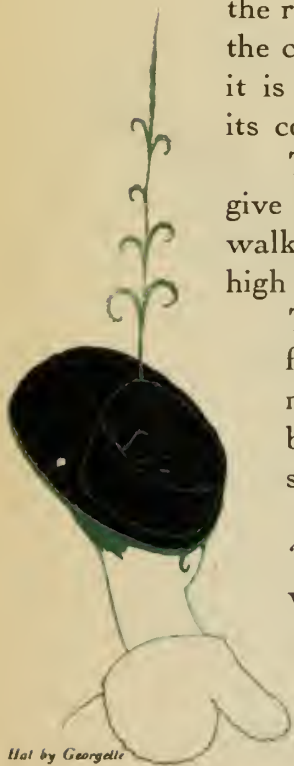
The small supple boot with its moderate heels will
give us the comforting impression that a lady can
walk without fatigue, no longer perched on heels as
high as stilts.

The bag of silk or fine leather with diamond initials
finds a rival in the shape of the big algerian purse
made in some exotic material and hung on the arm
by the jasper ring which ladies have for several
seasons been wearing as bracelets.

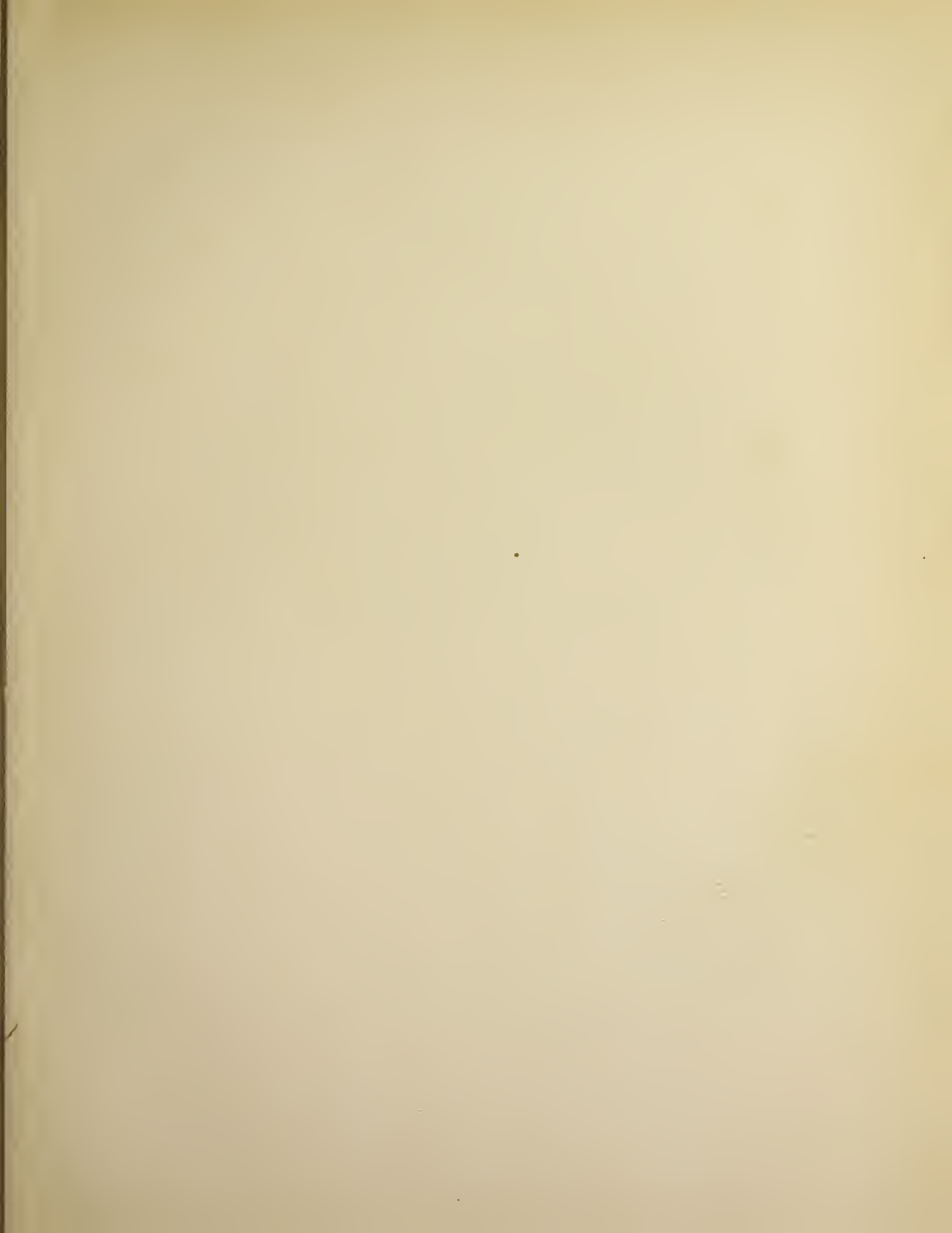
The soft gauntlet glove, known as that of the
"*Cadets de Gascogne*", and the small *en cas* umbrella
with its jewelled handle finish off the morning attire
of the woman who during the spring of 1915,
concealy beneath an outward appearance of
elegant refinement, the trembling anguish of
waiting.....



Dress from Paquin and Hat by Lewis



Hat by Georgella





LONGCH
o
She's

51 et 52. Jenny.

55. Beer.

54. Worth.

53. L



MP (II)

ost!

illet.

56 et 57. Chéruit.

58. Premet.

40. Daxillet.
59. Martial et Armand.



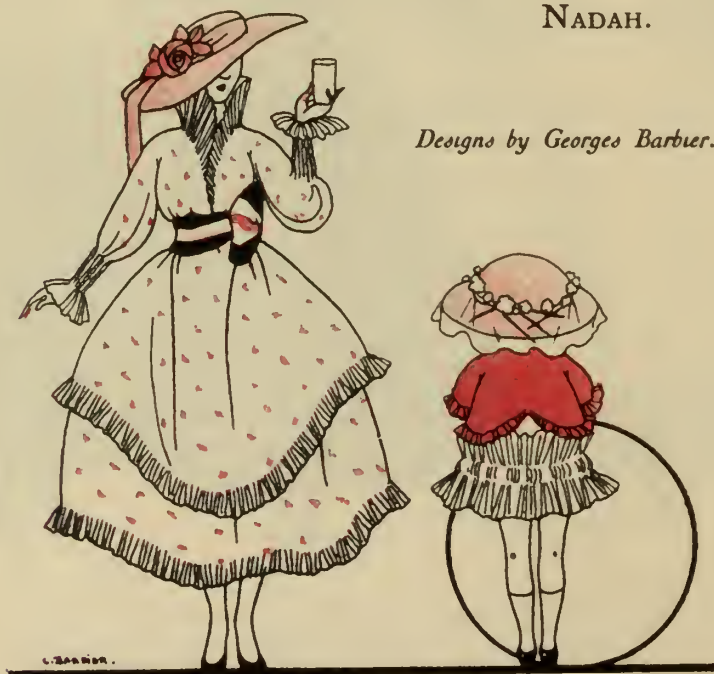
WE WERE ONLY WAITING ²¹FOR YOU

Middy dresses from Chéruit, Martial et Armand, Worth, Jenny

The "gandourah" as large and loose as a sailors pea jacket, with red embroidery on skirt and sleeves, seems an ideal dress for comfort, allowing a little six year old girl to play freely. The coat called "Grandet", for little girls of seven, is delightful in its simplicity and very funny as it has quite a *little woman* appearance. It is in thick ivory satin, with very wide hollow folds in the skirt. A small band of minever encircles the neck and a loose sash knotted in front completes the charming effect. The bonnets for little girls and babes will resemble the 18th century kerchief (tanchon) or else the Florentine cap.

NADAH.

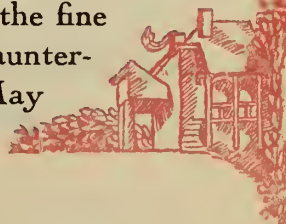
Designs by Georges Barbier.



Dresses by Premet and Paquin



TO the west of Paris, on the left bank of the Seine, is a verdant plain. In former times it was the site of an old Abbey, which it was a custom to visit on Good Friday. This pious pilgrimage was the first thing which made Longchamp the fashion. Nothing remains of the Abbey to-day. An ivy-covered mill serves but as an ornament to the landscape. But in the course of the XIXth century a race course was established on the plain. And the Parisians whose ancestors went on pilgrimages to Longchamp now go there in their turn to see the Grand Prix. Picture to yourself one of the great reunions of the year on this race course, on a fine spring day. You see the lawns, the fine trees, the winding paths, and people sauntering about. It is nearly the end of May or beginning of June. The foliage and



grass have put on their tints of liveliest green. The light and the sky look young! It is here that women come to introduce the new fashions. Flimsy materials, fine lace, light colours, are dotted about under ever changing aspects. One year everything will be black and white, another every shade of blue imaginable scattered like flowers among the grass. We have seen tight dresses, others falling in straight folds like dalmatics, others swollen with puffs; long dresses, short dresses, and divided skirts. The scene changes, not only from month to month, but from week to week. Inexhaustible fancy incessantly renews shapes, dresses, inventions and caprices. While one sits there, watching, the face of humanity appears under a new aspect. Immediately a swarm of jealous women artists draw near and take sketches on the sly.

Photographers turn round the various groups. Scarcely anybody present, either man or woman, but has a celebrated name, and may be talked about or held up as a criterion of fashion. Talent, beauty, illustrious race, a great position in the world or of fortune, these things at Longchamp stand for forms of glory.

Straight in front of you is a line of buildings separated at regular intervals by open spaces. You pass through one of those openings and behold a new sight. An immense plain opens out before you; a



Photo Boissonas et Taponier.

Madame J...
Dress from Paquin



Photo Ben Ton.

PLACE VENDOME

Dress from Premet



FRANK L. COLE'S
model "Inspiration" made from
WORUMBO MELANGE BROADCLOTH

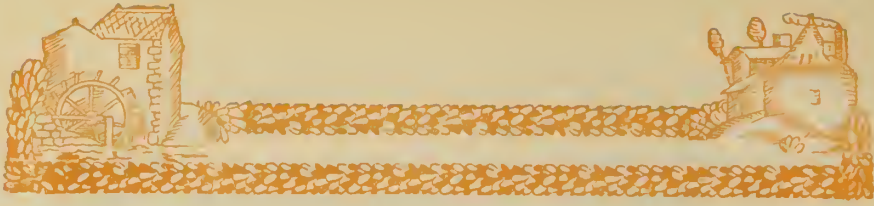


gentle slope conducts you to the wooden fence by which it is enclosed. This slope is covered with chairs, chairs whose characteristic is to be sat upon or stood upon at will. Everybody has opera glasses and is looking towards the plain.

The buildings you just now saw from behind, and of which you are now in front are filled with tiers crowded with people. On the horizon, at the end of the plain you perceive another crowd, the spectators of the cheaper places, the people of the green swards. In the distance the blue hills are outlined against the sky. Suddenly on the green plain you see a line of horses and jockeys arriving at full speed; a bell rings, a loud rumour rises, the gallop slackens speed, and the last steps end just in front of you.

As soon as the race is over everyone turns his back on the racing ground. People get down from their chairs, hastily put their opera glasses in their cases and rush to the betting booths or saunter about. In the midst of the uproar the horses are seen slowly retracing their steps to the stables.

I revisited Longchamp last summer during the war. Large herds of red oxen were grazing in the green fields. But the racing ground was undisturbed. In the autumn the oxen moved up to the neighbouring hills.

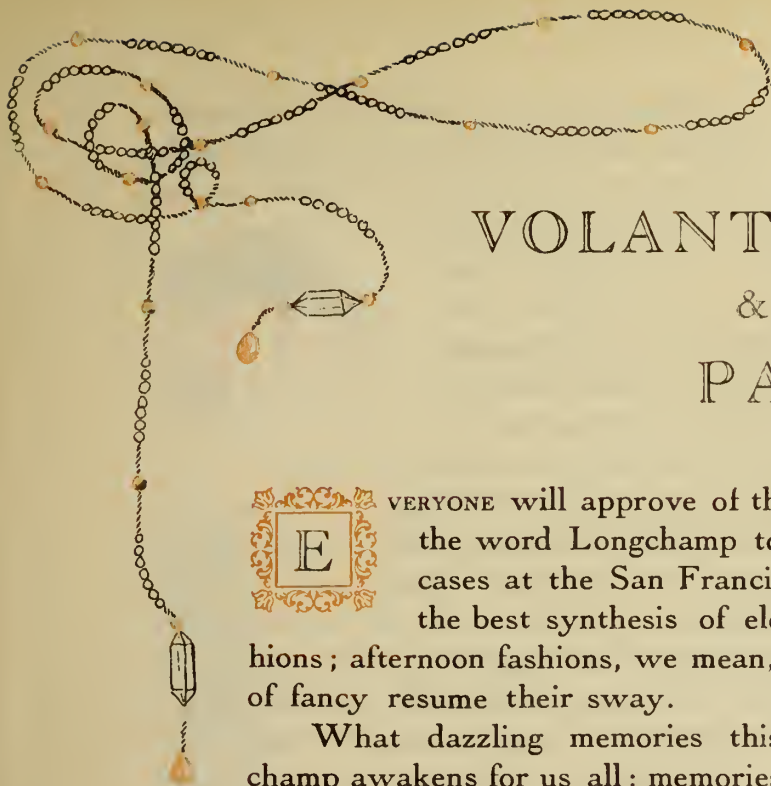


For the present the renowned Longchamp is forsaken. Some of the jockeys are training cavalry horses in the military depots, others have gone to the front. Gone to the front too are most of the young swells who frequented the race course. The women have become Red Cross nurses.

And France, "*lovable France*", as foreigners call her, is each day giving fresh proofs of her ancient and inexhaustible virtues. Two centuries ago we fought on the battle fields what has been called "*La Guerre en Dentelles*".

This year France, in her lace dresses, was none the less found ready for the heroic deeds of war.





VOLANTS

&

PANIERES



EVERYONE will approve of the idea of affixing the word Longchamp to one of the glass-cases at the San Francisco Exhibition, as the best synthesis of elegant French fashions; afternoon fashions, we mean, where the freaks of fancy resume their sway.

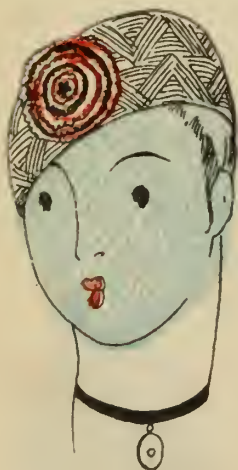
What dazzling memories this name of Longchamp awakens for us all: memories that shall revive more intense than ever when victory is ours and our hearts and minds are freed from their load of anguish.

Even now we picture to ourselves the coquettish marvels that Parisian ingenuity would instantly invent on the mere announcement of the *Grand Prix*, the famous racing day, just as if that day were not far off.

Our state of mind is not yet that of triumph, but, in the same spirit as we have tended the most horrible wounds, because it had to be done, so it becomes our duty to promote a return to elegant garments and even to seem frivolous, though never have we felt so little equal to it.



In consequence of this, we love to note every renovation in attire and though bearing a noticeable stamp of moderation, which is in harmony with our inner-most thoughts, the spring fashions of 1915 will be like a garden full of flowers, where every flower is a simple one. Muslins, cambrics and embroidered tulles will assume artless shapes, mostly reminiscences of 1840. Now and then we shall see the fulness and transparencies of raiment so much in favour at the court of the Tuileries; without their exaggeration however, and suitable to the kind of life we lead, in fact the similitude should be found more in details than in the general lines. In the cut of the lower part of the sleeves, in the shape of bolero jackets thrown over plain white muslin bodices the comparaison will be unavoidable, as well as in the diminutive flower-trimmed hats which will form a necessary accompaniment to smart dresses for garden-parties, or races.



The light materials used for this kind of frocks will be embroidered and reembroidered to an extent never seen before. As ladies will not be able, for some time to come, to give way freely to their desire for "something nobody ever saw", they will fall back on rare stuffs and lace.

Upon pink muslin will be embroidered motifs of Mechlin lace exactly like applications of the lace itself; a

finical work, absorbing a considerable amount of time and lending a corresponding value to the dress.

Designs in gold, copied from the Etruscan, will be woven into ochre-tinted tulle; and in the same way muslin embroidered after the antique mode will have the designs of its embroidery brightened by a mingling of silver with its silk threads.



Boot by Greco

On tull *redingotes* or coatees we shall see crossway bands of net; these bands as well as the coatee being finished off with silver tassels.

White lace, old lace preferred, may be made to fall over a dark blue satin frock, having a sash of the same shade embroidered with small roses, or again a skirt of black silk tulle may be incrustated with equidistant rows of black Chantilly rising light and transparent, one above another. A pretty and very novel idea is that of fine flounces of Chantilly placed at intervals over white silk, a smaller flounce, running like a flat basque round the hips, being attached to a bolero in black.

If not to wear at the races or at some fashionable assembly, where, after five o'clock tea, ladies sit knitting for the soldiers, this kind of frock will be found admirably suitable for the concerts which are



Shoe by Genaro

to be given this spring in many of the hospitals.


"We should appear before sick men as fine as we can" say the women, and they are quite right, for, just as we bring flowers to their bedside, so our presence should form a contrast with the cheerless severity of an hospital ward.

Pearls and other jewels may be permitted on these occasions, and though we are in a time of war, the jewellers have invented new trinkets; the latest consists of a mingling of black amber with anti-

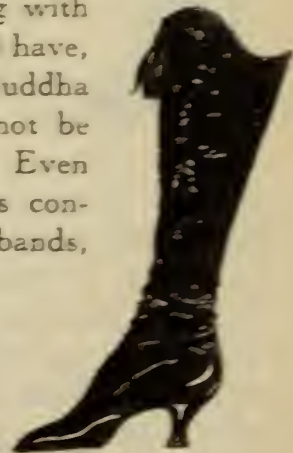
que crystal. Necklaces of crystal beads alternating with balls of black amber will have, by way of pendent, a Buddha

in antique crystal. What dress will not be enhanced by such a glittering ornament? Even for dinner in the evening, for all ladies continue to dress if only to meet their husbands, a necklace of this kind, worn over pink or white crape will produce an ideal effect.

Fashion now demands exotic though rare jewels, Indian or Japanese, in jade or in crystal and sometimes exhi-



*Back view of a dress from Bar
Hat by Lewis*



Boot by Goussier



HIS LETTER

Dresses from Dœuillet, Beer, Martial et Armand, Beer, Chéruit



biting the rather aggressive tone of machite.

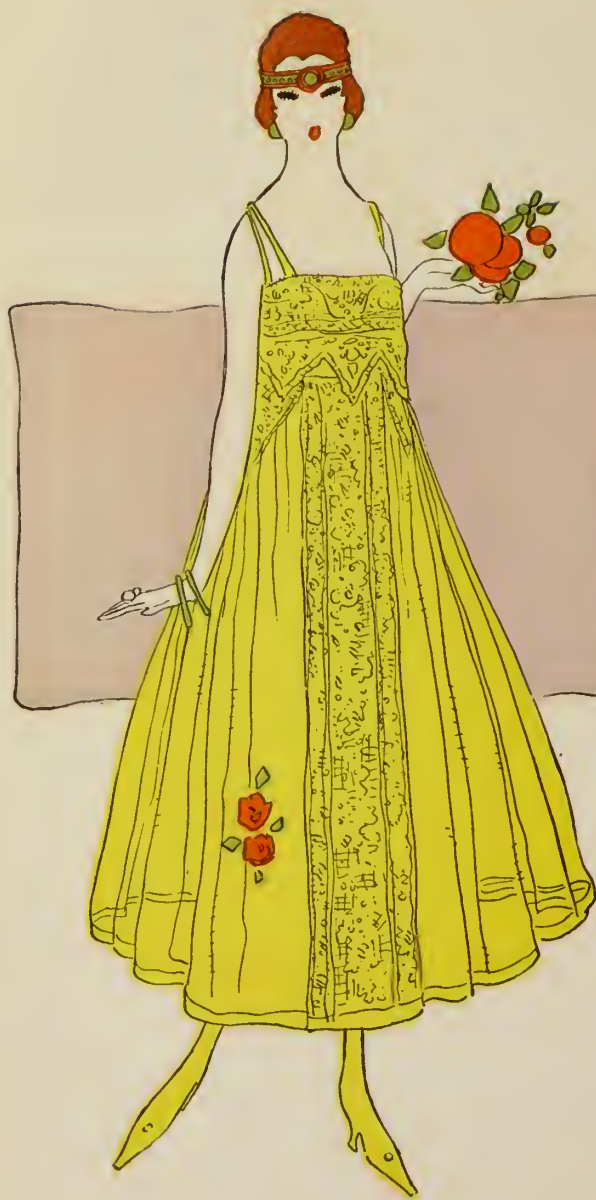
A certain piquancy is added to the general effect of quiet reserve in dress by these trifles; a sudden sparkle here and there like the flash of a spangle, on an ornament or on footgear, just to remind us that, although the freaks of fancy may be curbed just now they are not defunct..... luckily. Are you not charmed with the black velvet shoe and its gaiter made of stuffed tinted like the breast is of a *lophophore*..... What a tiny space to cover is that of a pretty female foot!

and this soft black little boot with heels of navy blue or green. All this studied refinement suffices to show how inherent to the very nature of woman, how irrepressible is the instinct of coquetry.

Not content however, with adorning her person with newly made jewels, the lady of this spring is already thinking of beautifying her house for the return of her true knight. She pays frequent visits to the antiquaries, where it appears she can make very good bargains in this time of war.

Antique potteries, authentic woodworks and all kinds of knick-knacks are the pretext for daily excursions to the most remote quarters of Paris. They buy, they are always buying.





MALCOLM
STRAUSS.









Photo Raulinger.

YVONNE DARTAIK

Dress from Jenny



Photo Bon Ton.

THE HEARTH CORNER
Dress from Dœuillet





LONGCHAMP
or
She's v

21. Beer.

22 et 25. Lanvin.

24. Paquin.

23. Callot.



MP (I)

win!

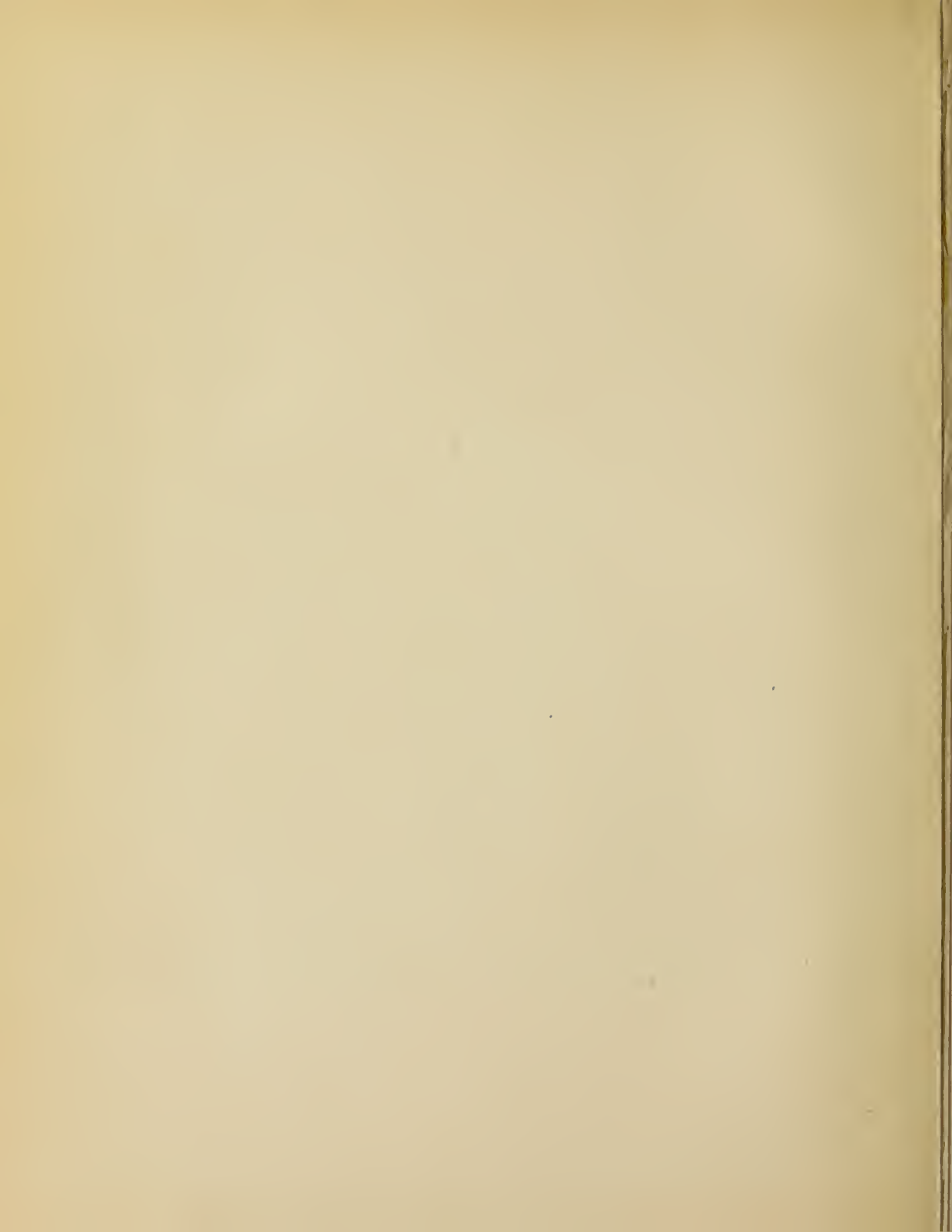
26. Paquin.

27. Doucel.

28. Worth.

29. Premet.

30. Doucel.







VICHY

The Game

11. Callot.

12. Jenny.

15. Paquin.

14. Martualet Armand. 15. Callot. 16. Duvet.



(II)
the Dolls

17 et 18. Lanvin.

19. Paquin.

20. Lanvin.

In one of these large Parisian curiosity shops I met the other day a very well known lady whose toilette on that sunny afternoon seemed peculiarly elegant; it was in *ninon*, buttoned all down the front with little balls of *passementerie*; while the collar, very high both in front and at the back, was encircled with a *cravat à la Thiers*. A black hat, rather high-crowned, and a soft silk, sea-green scarf falling on one side completed this ideal costume. Not less charming, was another toilette in black and white pekin, mingled with plain white corded silk, incrustated with Chantilly lace.



On her return afternoon shopping or from duties at an hospital an elegant woman is sure to find at home some friends meeting to take tea with her; under present circumstances a frugal tea consisting only of toast and jam. People talk and smoke till a late hour, and many intimacies forgotten during the last few years grow up richer and more cordial than they ever were.

The lady coming home has little time to devote to her dress; she is barely able to take off her hat and jacket and slip on a sweater, the new fashion sweater in silk web of a bright color with a belt of similar material negligently tied *à la Religieuse*. A great coquette is very particular in matching the sweater with these necklaces and armrings in jade, lapislazuli, and pink quartz, [which all the ladies are wild



Shoes by Genera



about, but wear only in the daytime. Therefore with a yellow sweater the pale gold line of amber will be seen, while above violet or blue silk, amethysts and turquoises will shine in darker tones. Some coquettes even take pains to match the flowers on their tea table with the colors they wear; we may see that even in this



Back view of a dress from *Worb*

time of war the *Parisiennes* will not give up an atom of their taste and refinement. They create around them, unconsciously one might say, an atmosphere of charm. Even as she rises from her bed, her dressing-gown varies according to the hour, the weather and her state of mind... she wraps herself either in muslin or in warm *molleton*, puts on shoes or slippers, just as she will don a veil that conceals her from every eye, or a tulle so light that it leaves her face quite bare. Caprice, caprice always, caprices, but such pretty caprices!

Wherever I turn, I find elegance, deep-rooted in the heart of Paris, it lives, not only for the Parisienne, but foreigners whose inclinations



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A Stein & Blaine conception of a coat with all the attributes for the coming season, for fur, and fur and fabric combinations



TAKE CARE OF THE STEP
Dresses from Premet, Lanvin, Lanvin, Martial et Armand

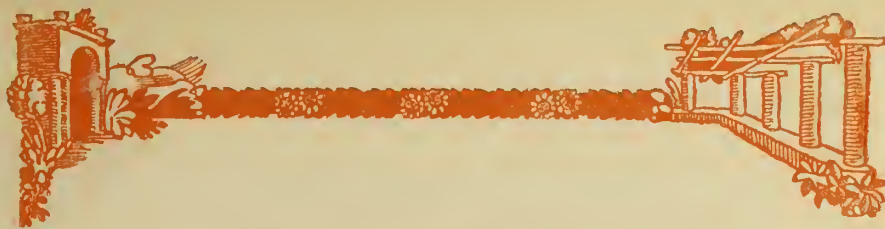
it divines; exercising its guiding influence according to the wants of the climate where its taste prevails. The V^{te} de Launay used to say that fashions were like national costumes : " They retain their graceful look only in their own country, they require, to show them off, the manners and the climate wick has produced them".

To this I answer that French fashions alone produce costumes for all nations.

Princesse DE CLÈVE.


Designs by Georges Lepape.





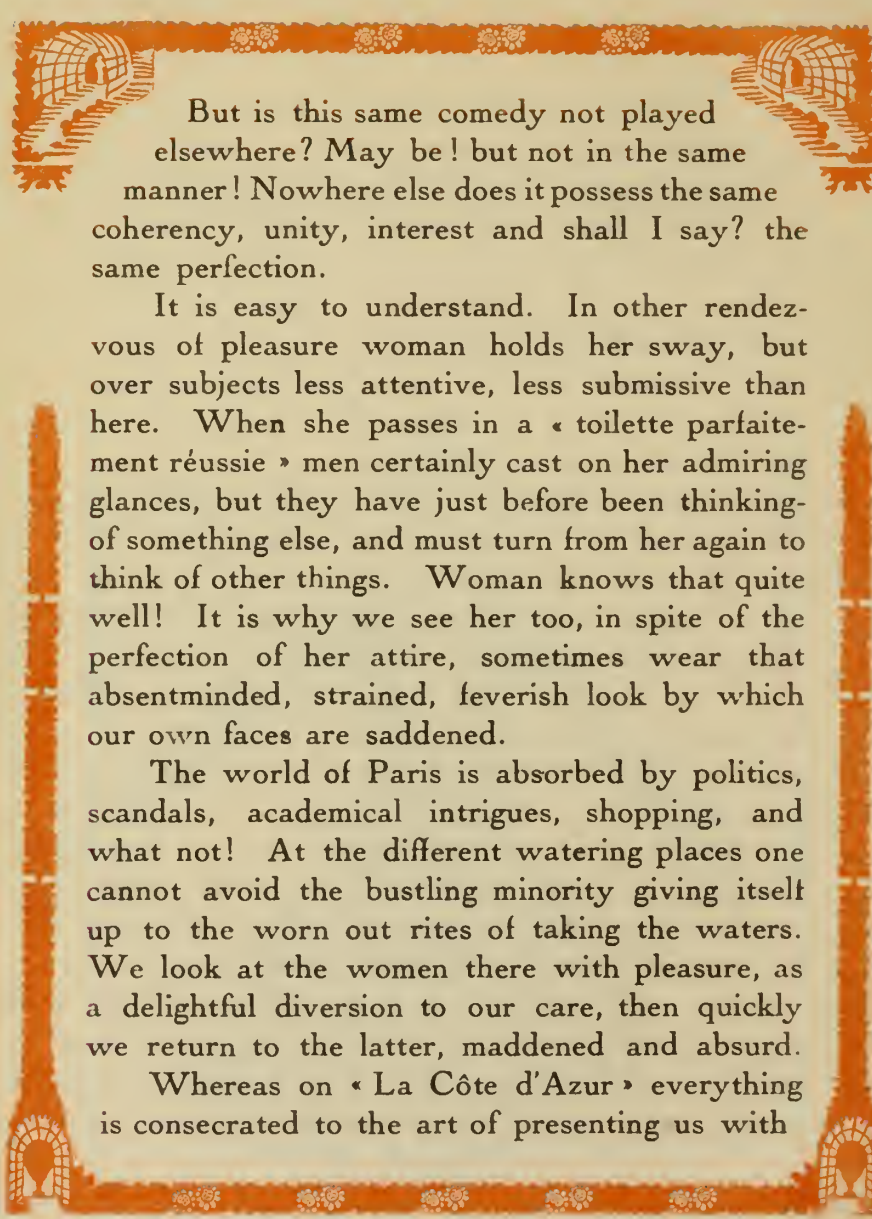
THE RIVIERA



HOEVER for the first time sets eyes on that exquisite part of France called « La Côte d'Azur », must acknowledge, if sincere, that he has never seen anything in the whole world to be compared with it. Every thing seems paradoxical, rich and strange, like a challenge to the variety of nature, a sort of work of art of a particular kind a still-life deception, brilliant even to hallucination.

It all looks like the scenery of a theatre, the quaintest and most gorgeous ever imagined. And a comedy is being played there which has three hundred and sixty five acts a year, and is one of the most fascinating, one of the most dainty comedies one could wish to see. There is no assuming psychological dialogue, no acting, no fatigue for the mind. It is as dumb as a pantomime, and radiant as a procession : it is *The comedy of elegance*.



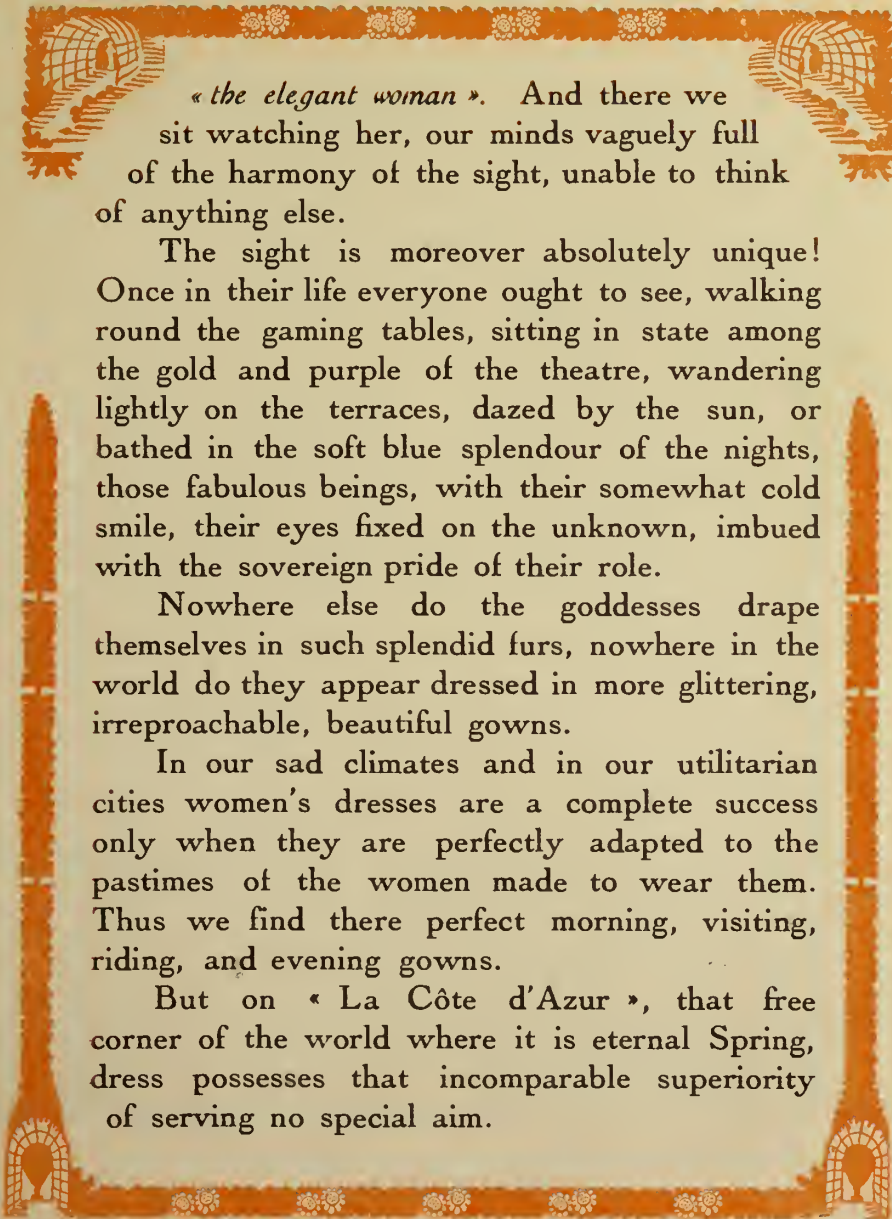


But is this same comedy not played elsewhere? May be! but not in the same manner! Nowhere else does it possess the same coherency, unity, interest and shall I say? the same perfection.

It is easy to understand. In other rendez-vous of pleasure woman holds her sway, but over subjects less attentive, less submissive than here. When she passes in a « toilette parfaite-ment réussie » men certainly cast on her admiring glances, but they have just before been thinking of something else, and must turn from her again to think of other things. Woman knows that quite well! It is why we see her too, in spite of the perfection of her attire, sometimes wear that absentminded, strained, feverish look by which our own faces are saddened.

The world of Paris is absorbed by politics, scandals, academical intrigues, shopping, and what not! At the different watering places one cannot avoid the bustling minority giving itself up to the worn out rites of taking the waters. We look at the women there with pleasure, as a delightful diversion to our care, then quickly we return to the latter, maddened and absurd.

Whereas on « La Côte d'Azur » everything is consecrated to the art of presenting us with



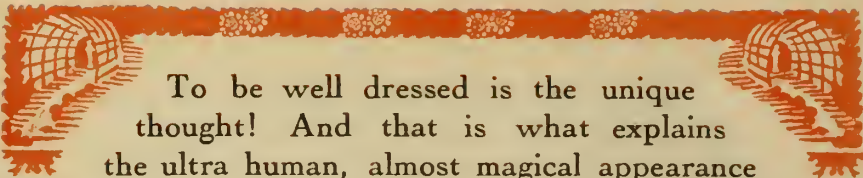
« *the elegant woman* ». And there we sit watching her, our minds vaguely full of the harmony of the sight, unable to think of anything else.

The sight is moreover absolutely unique! Once in their life everyone ought to see, walking round the gaming tables, sitting in state among the gold and purple of the theatre, wandering lightly on the terraces, dazed by the sun, or bathed in the soft blue splendour of the nights, those fabulous beings, with their somewhat cold smile, their eyes fixed on the unknown, imbued with the sovereign pride of their role.

Nowhere else do the goddesses drape themselves in such splendid furs, nowhere in the world do they appear dressed in more glittering, irreproachable, beautiful gowns.

In our sad climates and in our utilitarian cities women's dresses are a complete success only when they are perfectly adapted to the pastimes of the women made to wear them. Thus we find there perfect morning, visiting, riding, and evening gowns.

But on « *La Côte d'Azur* », that free corner of the world where it is eternal Spring, dress possesses that incomparable superiority of serving no special aim.



To be well dressed is the unique thought! And that is what explains the ultra human, almost magical appearance of the women who are fortunate enough to inhabit this Elysian spot, before the mute homage of our admiration.

In short they have no work there, no function, no occupation even. They pass or repass before our eyes, harmonious silhouettes of modern beauty, each of their movements is like a new and perfect chord in a concert of colours, perfumes and attitudes.

Sometimes, without so much as turning their heads, they feign to yield to our singular passions, and throw some gold coins on the hieroglyphics of the green tables, or incline their radiant faces, with a gesture which signifies attention, towards the stage where M. Caruso sighs out notes at five Louis the note!... Mere attitudes... Condescending comedy! The truth is these women are there to be beautiful. Only that!

That is why I say « The Riviera » is a Paradise on earth for women. And indeed a Paradise for us too. For, have we any thing more interesting to do in the world than to make women happy, and to see how lovely they are.

Francis DE MIOMANDRE.

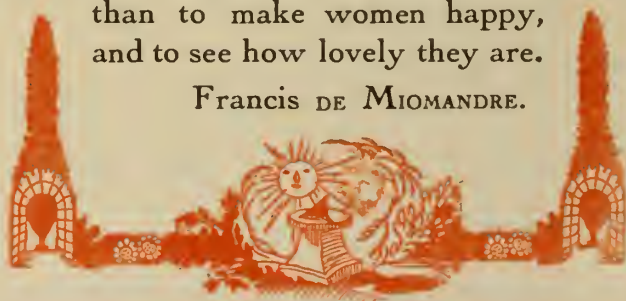




Photo Félix.

JEANNE PROVOST

Dress from Chéruit



Photo Félix.

THE PERGOLA
Dress from Callot



GRAND-HABITS



J EAN Lorrain in his novel "The Man with the dolls" describes in a charming way his visit to a wax doll. "Standing in her glass case" he says "the doll of the Valois looked like a little Princess from the court of Amboise, imprisoned in a block of ice. It is an Infanta with silky, pale, almost silvery hair, quite stiff in a whale-boned bodice of crimson velvet".

We feel somewhat of this amazed admiration before the wonderful dolls that figure, under the head of "Côte d'Azur" at the Exhibition of San Francisco.

They bring up before our eyes the gorgeous evening dresses that enliven Monte Carlo and the towns along the coast. Few places, it is true, compel such elegant attire, and these dolls represent all the strange





Head-Dress by Lanvin

creatures I have seen there, beautiful as angels and adorned like goddesses! They passed unceasingly along the flower lined terraces and the *Grande Place*; each seeming to form a natural part of the unique site into which she fitted so completely.

After the drive in the auto or the carriage; dresses for concerts, pigeon shooting, or hotel dinners will exhibit many happy

innovations in the swaying of skirts placed one above another; and the sudden appearance below an opaque material of a veiling in chiffon, or coarse tulle, forming a "mask" over the ankles, a veil on the legs!...

Where shall mystery take refuge—is not this the height of impertinence?—an exquisite kind of impertinence, born of fancy, the only real priestess of fashion: the fashion which can only take rise in France, and in Paris, from the propitious wave of

the atmosphere of our great city! Even under the icy December rains in the overheated air of the workshops and their artificial and unwholesome light, the most attractive garments, suited to the sunny, open air life of the miraculous coast, are invented, just as if the artists and



Head-Dress by Worth





Valentine Gross
1915

WHO IS COMING BEHIND US?

Evening mantles from Beer, Worth, Chéruit

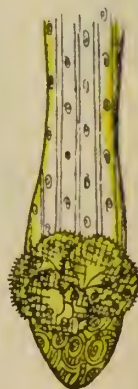


Head-Dress by Dauillet

workwomen, who elaborate these delicate adornments were themselves living under that pure sky, and felt the undefinable influence of a country bathed in azure tints.

Among the incessant moving tide of human beings passing of an evening to the restaurants or the Casino, it is quite exciting to guess from the folds of veils, the boldness or the languor shown in the attire of the women, the state of their mind.

Some, full of youth and grace, have chosen to appear in immaculate white, and have woven on their snowy dresses rows of white beads ; with merely a small girdle of fur to give an appearance of warmth to all this snow. Another, in search of some ideal, endeavours to escape from her dress and clothe herself like a flower : yes, indeed, a pink corded silk, cut out below in the shape of large petals, seems to show us a living flower, so intensely magnified by the sun of this happy shore, as to become a woman. This magical impression is continued by the sight of a fair young woman, who reminds us of a beautiful flight of clouds sweeping across a stormy sky. Her gown is formed of greyish white in different shades, her train forms a peak of satin, while large trans-



parent soft veils flows over her arms, and on her breast a star of the ocean gleams with white pearls tinged with rainbow lines under the caressing lights. White again is the marvel in silver like the cuirass of Lohengrin ; different kinds of silver mingle with roses capriciously winding over the hips after adorning the bodice, and as if to chain to earth a robe fitted for Olympus, the train is weighted by a heavy tassel which rolls on to the ground, a



Head-Dress by Worth

cunning arrangement veiling the soul of a coquette and fascinating as a Mediterranean night... It forms a delightful contrast with a "Camargo" in bright pink silk with a charmingly short frock. What graceful archness in the full skirt that draws our attention to the least movement of the wearer... Will she indulge in a magnificent pirouette like the Terpsichore of the XVIII century?

Pink again, and simple, but more suitable to the candid *ingénue* is this soft silk with its short fulness kept in place by silver tassels.

What name can we give to this stuff? a dull satin, interwoven with beautiful Japanese ornaments in gold thread worn like a priceless muslin beneath the lights of the gaming saloon, by a tall fair young woman....

Farther on, we meet an independent young

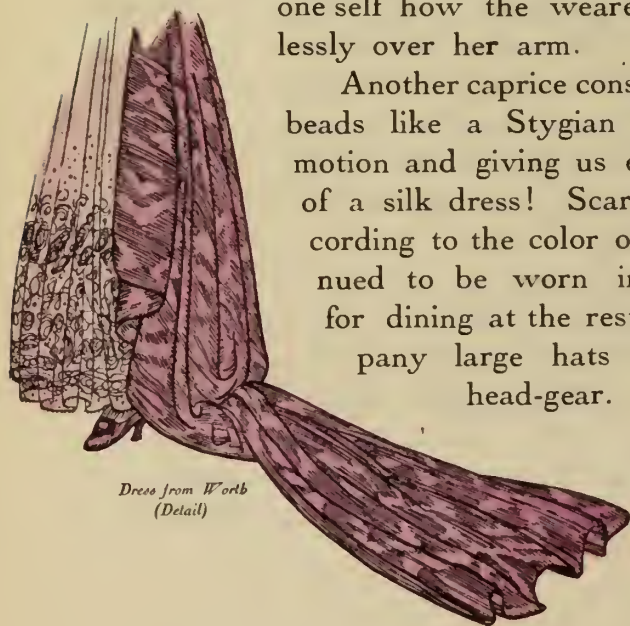


person who wishes to prove that she will on no account consent to follow any beaten track, and marches about under the illuminated ceilings, in a dress of dark blue, which might be taken for a morning frock, if her shoulders did not emerge from the boldly cut bodice, ineffectually veiled by a very thin smooth pink tulle in place of a sleeve..... a very small one! a royal caprice is this court mantle reduced to very small proportions and made of a stuff so rare that it had to be executed three times over before it succeeded: a marvellous plumage of the finest *lophophore* (peacock colored) you ever saw, so pliant, so uncommon, that one asks one'self how the wearer can fold it so carelessly over her arm.



"W'orb"

(Detail)



Dress from W'orb
(Detail)

Another caprice consist in cascades of black beads like a Stygian torrent perpetually in motion and giving us entirely the impression of a silk dress! Scarfs of tulle varying according to the color of the dress have continued to be worn in the evening; even for dining at the restaurant. They accompany large hats or especially evening head-gear. These last consist of bands of silk of wreaths of flowers, roses and camelias.



WE ARE STARTING

Dresses from Premet, Dœuillet, Paquin, Premet, Callot, Jenny

Paste is much used in these cases, forming heads of cumbs, or diadems adorned with tiny aigrettes; like jets of water, etc., etc.

No ostrich feathers or Birds of Paradise have been seen since ingenious fancy things, the personal choice of young women, which is nicer, have taken their place.

Gloves are not much in favor, ladies prefer gems as large as they can be worn, matching the other jewels fastened round the neck and on the bodice.

Strings of pearls are all the rage, they serve to support pendants of cunning artistic work rather than of any intrinsic value.

Large old fashioned handkerchiefs, made of rare lace, are once more coming into fashion, quite banishing the little "glove" handkerchiefs so lately carried. Some original minded ladies hang them by a gold thread attached to a ring; this is reminiscence of the 1885 fashions, and the jewel itself should be old, or there is no fun in wearing it. But if this mode is really adopted, the great jewellers will surely exercise their wits to invent something of the kind still more delicate and pretty.

Of course, however, Monte Carlo is the place for freaks of fantasy to have their full swing as usual. We might say this of Mediterranean town what Barrès says of Venice: "It has caprices but no seasons". We can thus understand ladies being so fond of it. They



*Head-Dress
by Maria Guy*





Photo Bon Ton.

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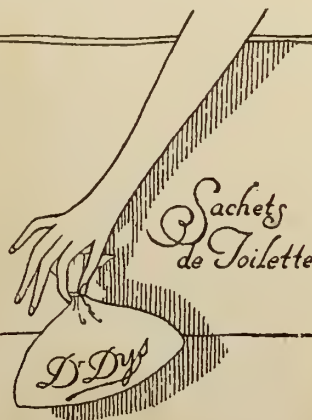
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may indulge their giddiness, their gaiety, or their melancholy; to every change of mood, the country opposes the mildness of its climate and the softness of its sky. No other place is so favourable to the expansion of external life and at the same time to solitary reveries, and the eye contemplates such repeated changes and such beautiful scenes that it knows not what to prefer.

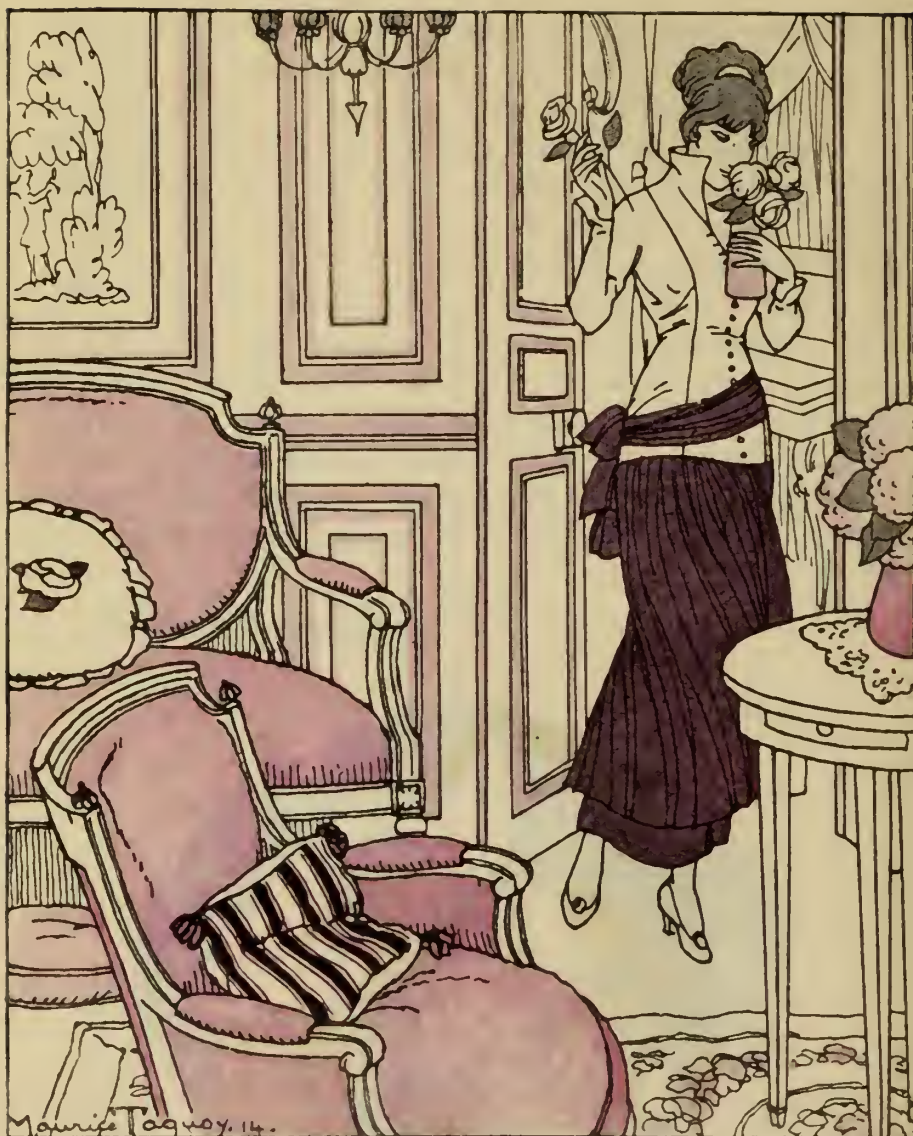
Head-dresses, foot-gear, new tissues, all are a pleasure to look at; everything is a lesson for us, from the early morning walk to the late hour, when, gliding one after the other from the over lighted rooms, each woman wraps herself in the large wings of her evening mantle.

Angels or elves, what matter, they are still creatures of beauty, and we follow their vague, flitting forms into the deep blue night.

JEANNE RAMON FERNANDEZ.

*Designs
by Valentine Gross*

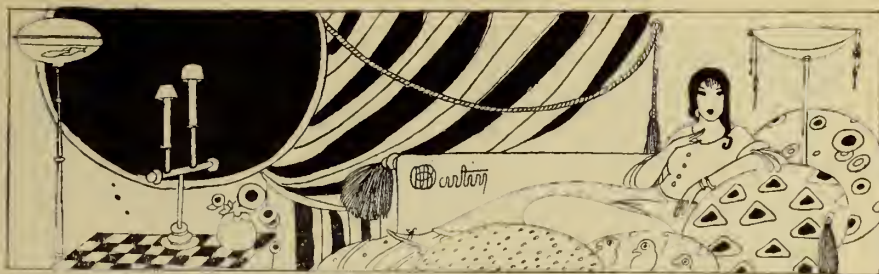




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DESCRIPTION OF THE DRESSES

exposed

at the Panama Pacific International Exposition

VICHY

1. — *White tulle frock widened at the bottom by a double flounce. Little jacket of taffetas. — Dress from Paquin.*
2. — *Yellow cambric arranged in bouillonnés from the shoulders to the hips. The lapels of the coat are incrustated with white lace, showing a very finely pleated skirt. — Dress from Doucet. - Hat by Georgette.*
3. — *Very full dress of white lawn incrustated with cap-crowns in point de Beauvais. Bolero in navy bleu silk with blue velvet facings. — Dress from Beer. - Hat by Lewis. - Boots by Greco.*
4. — *Coat in ivory satin with a sash of similar satin. Neck closely encircled by a band of minever. — Dress and cap from Chéruit.*
5. — *Sky blue taffetas made very full, with hoop pleats only at the sides. The bodice is rounded at the neck beneath a "Franz Halls" collar of open work. — Dress from Martial et Armand. - Hat by Camille Roger. - Boots by Ducerf.*
6. — *Alb of tulle and muslin embroidered and pleated over foundation in faded blue taffetas. — Dress and hat from Chéruit.*
7. — *Chemise-frock in flesh-colored Marceline, very full and embroidered in silver. — Dress and hat from Chéruit.*
8. — *Frock of white lingerie, in hand embroidered muslin; the double skirt striped with white braidings. A sash in pékiné ribbon in three shades is folded round the waist. — Dress from Premet. - Hat by Maria Guy.*
9. — *Dress in white lingerie over a blue satin foundation. Sleeves and flounces of applications on tulle, corsage in plain tulle. — Dress from Callot.*
10. — *Chemise-frock in pink tussor incrustated with white embroidery. — Dress from Callot.*

11. — *Dress in greyish white chiffon over a grey sheath : two lace flounces form the tunic. Small sleeves of tulle. — Dress from Callot. - Hat by Georgette.*
12. — *Pink lawn embroidered with motifs of fine lace. Belt of white doe skin. — Dress from Jenny. - Hat by Marie Crozet. - Boots by G  n  ra.*
13. — *Frock in tulle and old pink silk crossed with flounces caught and knotted at intervals. Cut low and prettily round the neck and edged with ermine. — Dress from Paquin.*
14. — *Skirt and bodice in mingled canary-colored silk and veiling, the parts in veiling being interlaced with cross way pieces of taffetas, bodice finely embroidered — Dress from Martial et Armand. - Hat by Camille Roger.*
15. — *Soft wrap in white silk and embroidery with a cap to match. — Dress from Callot.*
16. — *Dress in black satin crape covered with lace tulle like a surplice. Sash in old blue poult-de-soie edged with tiny pink roses. — Dress from D  auillet. - Hat by Magdeleine.*
17. — *Frock in white silk crepon, bordered with dark blue. A similar border runs round the front of the bodice, the armholes and the waistbelt. — Dress and hat from Lanvin. - Shoes by Couquet.*
18. — *Baby's frock shaped like a gandourah, in white silk, crossed by two bands of cachemire gold on red. The sleeves are of a bright red. — Dress and hat from Lanvin. - Shoes by Couquet.*
19. — *Skirt in "linden flower" French crape irregularly rounded at the bottom and adorned with flat knife pleats. Bolero in dark blue and green p  kin with undulating basque. — Dress from Paquin. - Hat by Camille Roger.*
20. — *Pink   tamine cut in square scallops embroidered with white braid. Motifs in similar braid are sewn all over the skirt which is gathered and extremely full. — Dress and hat from Lanvin. - Shoes by Couquet.*

LONGCHAMP

21. — *Skirt of Swiss muslin, made up in galbers and trimmed with eight flounces. Jacket bodice of gros de Londres in navy blue, basques kept in at the back by a bow in similar silk. — Dress from Beer. - Hat by Lewis. - Boot by Greco.*
22. — *Black silk tulle with skirt made up in galbers, incrustated with Chantilly and crossed with black satin ribbons. Loose bolero in "Begonia" taffetas. — Dress and hat from Lanvin. - Shoes by Couquet.*
23. — *Dark blue taffetas ; under the skirt is another one in blue tulle edged with a ruche. — Dress and hat from Lanvin. - Boots by Carbin  .*
24. — *Afternoon mantle in sea-green cloth lined with navy blue satin. Three cross-way pieces, equidistant from the waistbelt whence falls a very full basque cut on the cross. — Dress from Paquin. - Hat by Lewis.*
25. — *Dark green satin draped on one side and embroidered with filigrane and gold beads and adorned with falling gold tassels a similar embroidery in filigrane and gold surrounds the low neck and forms a bolero round the very long sleeves. — Dress from Callot. - Hat by Alphonsine.*
26. — *Dark blue taffetas with the skirt made up in galbers, the hem being folded back and caught at intervals so as to show a dark red lining. The bodice is cut low above a white chiffon guimpe. — Dress from Paquin. - Hat by Lewis.*
27. — *White chiffon trimmed with three flounces half way down the skirt. The frilling*



M. A... H... 's Study, composed and executed by

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which starts from the right shoulder passes round the waist to the left like a basque and is finished off by a brilliant tassel. — Dress from Doucet. - Hat by Reboux.

28. — Dress in thick white corded silk, stripes of black velvet ribbons of different sizes trimming the skirt and sleeves. Waistcoat in corded silk — Dress from Worth. - Hat by Maria Guy. - Shoes by Helstern.

29. — Plain dark brown satin skirt. A coat in "ocbre" tulle dentelle with scarcely visible golden effects, is swathed round the waist with plain satin. — Dress from Premet. - Hat by Maria Guy.

30. — Dress in netted lace over a foundation of navy gauze, with a broad hem in white gauze at the bottom of the skirt. Between this plain border and the net is a coarse embroidery. — Dress from Doucet. - Hat by Reboux.

31. — Dark blue taffetas edged with a round silk braid to match. Blue mother-of-pearls buttons, shining belt of blue leathers. Muslin guimpe. — Dress from Jenny. - Hat by Marie Crozet. - Boots by Généra.

32. — Lace tulle embroidered over with silver on white satin. Beneath the lace at the back, broad silver belt. — Dress from Jenny. - Hat by Marie Crozet. - Boots by Généra.

33. — Dress in white corded silk. The skirt is veiled with three flounces of Chantilly, placed at equal intervals. Black velvet facings and Medici collar with wide bow of black velvet floating down the back. — Dress by Beer. - Hat by Léwis. - Boots by Greco.

34. — Frock in white veiling white embroidery alternating with bands of black and silver squares. Broad scarf of light green satin. — Dress from Worth. - Hat by Reboux. - Shoes by Helstern.

35. — Blue taffetas embroidered in regular designs with steel and beads to match. The skirt is cut in peaked scallops. Bodice cut en fichu passing round the armholes so as to form little sleeves with tassels in passementerie. — Dress from Dœuillet. - Hat by Magdeleine.

36. — Dress in white Marcelinette and Swiss muslin — Dress from Chéruit. - Hat by Reboux.

37. — Blue taffetas. Bodice made tight over the chest with an embroidery of coral and turquoise as the underskirt. — Dress from Chéruit. - Hat by Reboux.

38. — Dress in pink "poult de soie". A second skirt of "ocbre" tulle embroidered and edged with sable — Dress from Premet. - Hat by Maria Guy.

39. — Over a dress of white corded silk is worn a coat in chiffon trimmed with crossway bands of net and application. — Dress from Martial et Armand. - Hat by Camille Roger. - Boots by Ducerf.

40. — "Flax" tussor embroidered in light brown. The skirt is widened on either side by a pleated gore. — Dress from Dœuillet. - Hat by Magdeleine.

THE RIVIERA

41. — Dress in silver broche with a peaked train terminated by a silver tassel. Coatee in silver tulle with a net work cut low and square on the bodice. — Dress from Jenny. - Shoes by Généra.

42. — Coatee in white broché having the low neck bordered by a braiding of precious stones. The foundation sheath is of fine lace over white satin. — Dress from Callot.

43. — Satin crape and black tulle embroidered with jet beads. Strings of jet falling loose in two rows. — Dress from Dœuillet.

44. — *Pink satin with a pearly sheen called Libellule. The skirt very full at the bottom is turned back, and caught here and there by stitches of jet. Very plain bodice trimmed with jet.* — Dress from Chéruit.

45. — *Dress in gros de Londres, with a trimming of alternate gathered flounces and gathers.* — Dress from Beer. - Shoes by Greco.

46. — *Over a sheath of pink satin, falls a tunic of tulle embroidered with green and white beads. A long veiling of green tulle forms paniers that meet in front.* — Dress from Callot.

47. — *Frock of pink chiffon covered by a tunic of tulle embroidered in gold. Broad scarf of gold and pink roses brochés on a black ground.* — Dress from Chéruit.

48. — *Dress in navy blue tulle over blue satin crape with a pleated flounce rising at the side in puffs and quillings.* — Dress from Dœuillet.

49. — *Full skirt of white tulle striped with bands of tube-shaped crystal beads.* — Dress and Head-Dress from Lanvin. - Boots by Carbin.

50. — *Louis XV dress in deep pink. The basques and the bottom of the skirt are bordered by a gold and silver galon.* — Dress from Jenny. - Shoes by Généra.

51. — *Dress of pink corded silk of different shades. Sash in "raspberry" colored satin tied on one side.* — Dress from Paquin.

52. — *Sheath of blue Liberty silk embroidered over in silk and gold, cut irregularly at the edge below and having a peaked train lined with China pink. Plain tulle skirt covering the whole.* — Dress from Doucet.

53. — *Dress in pink tulle partially covered with peacock blue tulle. Beneath the blue tulle appears an embroidery of silver flowers.* — Dress from Paquin.

54. — *Dress in white satin with a muslin tunic beads embroidery round the edge of the low neck and on the waist belt.* — Dress from Premet. - Head-dress by Maria Guy.

55. — *Thick gleaming black satin broché in the material itself with magnificent Japanese designs copied from antique embroideries. The fronts open over a skirt made of fringes of beads.* — Dress and Head-dress from Worth. - Shoes by Helstern.

56. — *Pink tulle embroidered in gold with a train of gold brocade over pink. Silver galloon and galloon of paste. Mantle in Lophophore broché on a black ground.* — Dress from Worth. - Shoes by Helstern.

57. — *Peau de soie embroidered and broché in pale pink silk. Flounces and "bertbe" of fine lace.* — Dress from Martial et Armand. - Shoes by Ducerf.

58. — *Two flounces in white application are sewn on a satin skirt beaded with paste. A kind of bolero in jet, long train of black tulle embroidered with jet.* — Dress from Martial et Armand. — Shoes by Ducerf.

59. — *Dress of white satin sprayed with spangles having an overskirt in blue tulle also spangled and bordered with ermine. The sleeves are replaced by blue tulle wings of fairy like effect.* — Dress from Premet. - Head-dress by Maria Guy.

60. — *Gold lace over chiffon with a two fold effect of wings shaded in blue and orange. Shoulder straps in blue velvet and rich embroidery all over the dress.* — Dress from Callot.



Wax Figures by Pierre Imans.



Erratum :

The article " Longchamps " has been written by M^r Henry Bidou.

